THE

LIFE

OF

Mr. *GAY*.

WITH THE

EPITAPH,

Intended for his MONUMENT,

Written by *HIMSELF*.

[Price 1 *s.* and 6 *d.*]

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XX. Mr. *Pope*'s Life is preparing for the Preſs.

THE LIFE OF Mr. JOHN GAY,

Author of the BEGGAR'S-OPERA, &c.

POETS *have an unqueſtion'd Right to claim,*
If not the Greateſt, the moſt laſting NAME.
CONGREVE.

LONDON:
Printed for E. CURLL, in BURGHLEY-*Street*,
in the *Strand*, 1733.

W. Musgrave.

TO

Mrs. *Catherine Baller*,

AND

Mrs. *Joanna Forteſcue*,

SISTERS of Mr. *GAY*.

LADIES,

THE *Authority* of the *Gentleman*, from whom I have borrowed the *Motto*, prefixed to theſe Papers, is a ſufficient Vindication of their Deſign.

YOUR

YOUR Brother's Writings, *in general*, have juſtly acquired him the Character *of* ONE *of the moſt eminent Poets*; and, the *peculiarity* of *ſome* of them, *the* MOST *eminent of his Age*.

IN my Attempt, therefore, of *conveying* his *Name*, to a little longer *Date*, than *Nature* has given his *Body*; I have this Satisfaction, that, every *Incident* and *Accident* of his LIFE, herein related, bears the Stamp of his *own Authority*.

AS *his Converſation*, when Living, *was ſought by all who knew him*; I am not under the leaſt Apprehenſion, but that theſe MEMOIRS,

MOIRS, will entertain his *Friends* and *Acquaintance*, and revive in them an *agreeable Remembrance of Him*; according to the *Record* of a good old *Ballad*,

Only, the Actions of the Juſt,
Smell Sweet and Bloſſom in the Duſt.

I am,

LADIES,

Your moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant,

E. C.

VERSES *on the* DEATH *of* *Mr. GAY.*

THE MISTAKE:

OR, THE

WRONG PHYSICIAN.

GAY once before (and but once) had a Fever,
Which then 'twas thought Body and Soul would ſever.
But POLLY came, *felt how his Pulſes beat,*
Continu'd with him, *put him in a Sweat.*
A *good Night's Reſt,* with *Nat'ral Heat* and *Quiet,*
Reſtor'd *our* BARD to Vigour, Health and Diet.
Had POLLY come again, this *Truth,* pray *ſcan;*
She would, a *ſecond Time,* have ſav'd *her* MAN.

MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE and WRITINGS
OF
Mr. *JOHN GAY.*

AFTER we have read the Works of a Poet with Pleasure, and reflected upon them with improvement, we are naturally apt to enquire into his Life, the Manner of his Education, and other little Circumstances, which give a new Beauty to his Writings, and let us into the Genius and Character of their Author. *

To satisfy this *Natural Enquiry*, to which we are so prone, is the Purport of the following Pages.

The FAMILY of GAY, or *Le Gay*, I take to be originally of *Norman* Extraction: A

* See Dr. *Sewell's* LIFE of Mr. *Philips*, p. 1.

learned Antiquary gives us this ſhort Account, *viz.*

That, one '*Gilbert le Gay*, gave Name to, ' and ſettled at a Place called *Hampton-Gay*, in ' *Oxfordſhire*; and by Match of a Daughter, ' and Heir, of the Family of *Curtoyſe*, or ' *Curtis*,* he became Proprietor of the Lord- ' ſhip of *Goldworthy* in *Devonſhire*. This ' Lordſhip was the ancient Dwelling of the ' Name of *Gay*, for many Deſcents.' †

The *chief* Incidents and Accidents of the Gentleman's LIFE we are about to write, (Mr. *JOHN GAY*) may be collected from his own Writings; by which we are informed that he was a *Devonſhire* Man: Thus ſaluting the County of his Birth, (but not aſſigning the particular Place)

Hail, happy native Land!— but I forbear,
What other Counties muſt with Envy hear. ||

He was born in that memorable Year of the *Revolution*, 1688, (as was likewiſe Mr. POPE) he was the Son of a Gentleman, and had the Education of one; but did not poſſeſs any Eſtate of Inheritance: For he complains to Mr.

* Who bear for their Arms. ARGENT. Three *Fleur de Lis*, SABLE.

† See *Riſdon*'s Survey of *Devonſhire*, Vol. 1. 8vo. p. 80.

|| See his Journey to *Exeter*. An Epiſtle to the Earl of *Burlington*.

Mr. POPE, *into whose Friendship he came early*, † that

He never had been bless'd by Fortune's Hand,
Nor brighten'd Plow-shares in Paternal Land*.

He was sent up to *London*, and put 'Prentice to a Mercer; but a Shop-Confinement, the Chatter of Women-Customers, and Lying, in a double Sense, behind the Compter; were Fatigues he could not by any means brook; thus proceeding with his Complaints to Mr. POPE, *viz.* ||

Long in the noisy Town I've been immur'd,
Respir'd in Smoke, and all its Cares endur'd;
Where News and Politicks divide Mankind,
And Schemes of State involve th'uneasy Mind;
Faction embroils the World; and ev'ry Tongue,
Is mov'd by Flatt'ry, or with Scandal hung:
Friendship, for Sylvan Shades, the Palace flies
Where all must yield to Int'rest's dearer ties;
Each rival *Machiavel* with Envy burns,
And Honesty forsakes them all by turns;
While Calumny upon each Party's thrown,
Which both promote, and both alike disown.

† See *Notes Var.* on the DUNCIAD.

* See RURAL SPORTS. A *Georgic*. Address'd to Mr. POPE. || *Ibid.*

Fatigu'd at laſt; a calm *Retreat* I choſe,
And ſooth'd my harraſs'd Mind with ſweet Repoſe;
Where Fields, and Shades, and the refreſhing Clime,
Inſpire the Sylvan Song, and prompt my Rhime.

Whether the RETREAT, he here mentions, was back again into his native Country, or elſewhere; or, in what manner he left his Buſineſs, are particulars too minute for our Enquiry. But this is certain, that, he was born a Poet; the MUSES and the GRACES were the Companions in whom he moſt delighted; and, the FAIR, his *everlaſting Theme*.

Whatever groveling Notions the Vulgar may entertain of *Poetry*, † 'There is a 'CHARM in VERSE (*ſays a late judicious Writer*) which never fails *agreeably* to affect a 'HEART that is *rightly placed*; and there is '(*adds he*) in my Opinion, ſomething *peculiarly moving* in the VERSES of that *good-natured-Claſs* of POETS——CATULLUS, TIBULLUS, PROPERTIUS, and OVID." Mr. GAY, likewiſe, was of the ſame opinion; for we find the moſt beautiful Alluſions *to*, and Imitations *of*, the Ancients, plentifully ſtrewed up and down in his Writings. But, to proceed,

Let's

† See Major PACK's Eſſay upon the *Roman* Elegiac Poets, Pag. 141.

Let's next into the Field of *Beauty* ſtart;
Beauty's a Theme that ever warm'd GAY's
Heart.*

And when his poor *Heart* was thus warmed,

He lovingly would with his *Mate withdraw*,
(*True Love is Nature unreſtrain'd by Law.*)

Such was the juſt *Freedom* of his *Thought*;
farther declaring, with his pretty *Quaker*,

Eſpouſals are but *Forms*. O lead me hence,
For *ſecret Love* can never give *Offence*. ||

Upon which Topic he more fully, and freely,
enlarges to an intimate Acquaintance, *viz.*

A MAN may lead a *happy Life*
Without that needful *Thing* a WIFE.

What tho' your Houſe be clean and neat,
With Couches, Chairs, and Beds compleat;
Tho' you each Day invite a Friend,
Tho' he ſhould ev'ry Diſh commend,
On *Bagſhot-Heath* your Mutton fed,
Your Fowls at *Brentford* born and bred;

Tho'

* See his *Epiſtle* to *William Pulteney*, Eſq;

|| See his *ſober* Eclogue between two of the People, called *Quakers*, viz. *Caleb* and *Tabitha*.

Tho' pureſt Wine your Cellars boaſt,
Wine worthy of the *faireſt* Toaſt;
Yet there are other *Things* requir'd:
Ring, and let's ſee *the* Maid *you hir'd*—
Bleſs me! thoſe Hands might hold a Broom,
Trundle a Mop, or waſh a Room:
A *Batchelor* his *Maid* ſhould keep,
Not for that ſervile uſe to ſweep,
Let *Her* his *Humour* underſtand,
And *turn to ev'ry Thing her Hand.*
Get you a Laſs that's young and tight,
Whoſe Arms are, like her Apron, white;
What tho' her *Shift* be ſeldom ſeen?
Let *that*, tho' courſe, be always clean;
She might each Morn your Tea attend,
And on your Wriſt your Ruffle mend;
Then if you break a roguiſh Jeſt,
Or ſqueeze her Hand, or pat her Breaſt,
She cries, *O dear Sir, don't be naught!*
And Bluſhes ſpeak her laſt Night's fault.
To her your Houſhold Cares confide,
Let your Keys jingle at her Side,
A *Footman*'s Blunders *teize* and *fret* ye,
Ev'n while you *chide* you ſmile on *Betty.*
Diſcharge him then, if he's too ſpruce,
For *Betty*'s for his *Maſter*'s *Uſe.*

Will you your *Am'rous Fancy* baulk,
For fear ſome *Prudiſh* Neighbour talk?

But

But you'll object, that you're afraid
Of the pert Freedoms of a *Maid*;
Beſides your wiſer Heads will ſay,
That ſhe *who turns her Head this way*,
From one Vice to another drawn,
May carry Silver Spoons to pawn,
Has not the homely wrinkled Jade
More need to learn the pilf'ring Trade?
For *Love*, all *Betty's wants* Supplies,
Laces her *Shoes*, her *Manteau* Dyes,
All her *Stuff-Suits* ſhe flings away,
And wears Thread-*Sattin* ev'ry Day.

Who then a dirty Drab would hire,
Brown as the Hearth of Kitchen Fire?
When all muſt own, were *Betty* put
To the black Duties of the Slut,
As well ſhe *ſcours* or *ſcrubs* a Floor
And ſtill is good for *Something more.*

Thus to avoid, my Friend, the greater Vice,
Act like a prudent *Prieſt*, of Conſcience nice,
Who did to *quell his Luſt* for Neighbour's Spouſe
Keep *Simple Fornication* in his Houſe †

Such likewiſe, were the *Anti-matrimonial* Precepts of our good Countryman and auncient Poet Maiſter *Geoffry Chaucer*, * whoſe Ditty on this Head Mr. *Pope* hath thus ſet to Muſic, viz.

Horſes

† See *Work for a Cooper.*

Horſes, *my Friend*, and Aſſes Men may try,
And ring *ſuſpected Veſſels* e'er they buy;
But *Wives*, a random Choice, untry'd they take,
They *dream* in Courtſhip, but in Wedlock *wake*.
Then, not till then, the Veil's remov'd away,
And *all the Woman* glares in *open* Day. *

Chaucer's Sentiments are confirmed by two Gentlemen of later times, †

Zooks! never Wed, 'tis ſafer much to Roam,
For what is War Abroad, to War at Home?
Who wou'd not ſooner bravely Riſque his Life
For what's a *Cannon* to a *ſcolding Wife?*

From Door to Door I'd ſooner whine and beg,
Both Arms ſhot off, and on a Wooden-Leg,
Than Marry,——

From theſe, I hope not diſagreeable, Digreſſions, let us now welcome Mr. GAY to Town, from his *Rural Retreat*; and view him making a *Female Offering*. As he had before made Mr. *Pope* a Preſent of a GEORGIC, * he now brings the *Ladies* a FAN; with which he thus introduces himſelf, *viz.*

I

* See The Wife of *Bath*'s Prol.

† Squire *Filbert*, and Mr. Sergeant *Nettle*, in The *What D'ye call it.* Scene I.

* Intitled *Rural Sports*.

I sing that graceful *Toy*, whose waving Play
With gentle Gales relieves the sultry Day,
Assist ye Nine, your loftiest notes employ,
Say what celestial Skill contriv'd the *Toy*;
Say how this *Instrument* of *Love* began
And in immortal Strains *display the* FAN.
Long has the Scheme employ'd my thoughtful Mind,
By Judgment ripen'd, and by Time refin'd.

Our Poet having declared his Intent, and acknowledging that he had brought his Work to Perfection, gives Instructions for making this killing *Implement* of the *Fair*, viz.

That glorious *Bird*, have ye not often seen
Who draws the Car for the celestial Queen?
Have ye not oft survey'd his varying Dyes,
His Tail all gilded o'er with *Argus'* Eyes?
Have ye not seen him in the sunny Day
Unfurl his Plumes, and all his Pride display,
Then suddenly contract his dazling Train,
And with long trailing Feathers sweep the Plain?
Learn from this *Hint*, let this *instruct* your *Art*;
Thin taper Sticks, must from one Center part;
Let these into the Quadrant's Form divide,
The spreading Ribs with snowy Paper hide;
Here shall the Pencil bid its Colours flow,
And make a miniature Creation grow.

Let the Machine in equal Foldings close,
And now its plaited Surface wide dispose;
So shall the FAIR *her idle Hand employ,*
And grace each Motion with a restless Toy;
With various Play bid grateful Zephyrs *rise,*
While Love in ev'ry grateful Zephyr *flies.*

Pursuant to these Directions, the FAN is made; the *Sticks* are nicely rivetted; several curious *Mounts* painted to the Life; and the whole left to the Ladies Choice, in an elegant *Poem*, consisting of near *six hundred* and *fifty Verses*, to which I refer, and with which every Reader will be delighted.

I cannot leave Mr. *Gay*'s FAN, without introducing that fine Epigram on the same Subject, written upon a *white* FAN, by the late Bishop *Atterbury*, with which he presented his Lady in Courtship, *viz.*

FLAVIA the least and slightest Toy
Can with resistless Art employ;
This FAN in other Hands would prove
An Engine of small Force in *Love*.
But she with such an Air and Mein,
Not to be *told*, or safely *seen*,
Directs its *wanton* Glances so,
That it wounds *more* than CUPID'S BOW:
Gives *Coolness* to the matchless Dame,
To ev'ry other Breast a *Flame*.

The Scene of Mr. GAY's Life was, by this time, wholly changed; he was no longer Company for *Weavers*; the *Yard*, the *Ell*, and the *Compter* were left for the Court, where we now find him with his PASTORALS; brought thither, no doubt, thro' the Intereſt of the *Ladies*. For having obtained a Deputation from *Venus*, he exerciſed CUPID's Power without controul, and freely tells us his Succeſs, *viz.*

At *Court* I never fail
To ſcatter round my *Arrows*,
Men fall as thick as *Hail*;
And *Maidens* love like *Sparrows*. *

In the Drawing-Room he muſt cut a very ſmart Figure; being habited, as he tells us himſelf † in a *blue* Garment with *Silver Loops*; an edged Hat of the *ſame*, a *gorgeous* Sword, *and eke a* Knot. In his *Paſtorals*, he thus chaunteth forth the *Praiſes* of the *Great* and *Fair*, viz.

* See *Damon* and *Cupid*. A Song.

† I ſold my *Sheep* and *Lambkins* too,
For *Silver Loops* and *Garment Blue*:
My Boxen Hautboy, ſweet of Sound,
For *Lace* that edg'd mine Hat around;
For *Lightfoot* and my *Scrip* I got
A gorgeous *Sword*, and eke a Knot.

Prol. to his *Paſtorals*.

There saw I *Ladies* all a-row
Before their QUEEN a seemly show.
Lansdowne as fresh as Flow'r of *May*,
And *Berkeley* Lady blythe and gay;
And *Anglesey*, whose Speech exceeds
The Voice of Pipe, or Oaten Reeds;
And blooming *Hyde*, with Eyes so rare,
And *Montagu* without compare.

There many a worthy Wight I've seen
In Ribbon *blue*, and Ribbon *green*.
As *Oxford*, who a Wand doth bear,
Like *Moses*, in our Bibles fair;
Who for our Traffic forms Designs,
And gives to *Britain*—*Indian Mines*.

There saw I *Saint John*, sweet of Mien,
Full stedfast both to *Church* and *Queen*.

Mr. GAY's *Pastorals* are what he justly defineth them, *viz. Certes, Such it behoveth a Pastoral to be, as Nature in the Country affordeth; and the manner also meetly copied from the Rustical Folk therein.**

We now come to a Production of His, of great Humour, intitled TRIVIA: or, *The Art of Walking the Streets of* London. In the Writings Mr. *GAY* had hitherto published he had

* See *Proeme* to his *Pastorals*.

had been undisturbed by the *Criticks*; but in an ADVERTISEMENT to this Piece, he thus delivers himself, *viz.*

The World, I believe, will take so little Notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The Criticks may see by this POEM, *that I walk on Foot, which probably may save me from their* Envy. *I should be sorry to raise that* Passion *in Men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allowed me an Honour, hitherto only shewn to better Writers:* That, of denying me to be the Author of my own Works.

GENTLEMEN, *if there be any Thing, in this Poem, good enough to displease you, and if it be of any Advantage to you, to ascribe it to some Person of greater Merit, I shall acquaint you, for your Comfort, that among many other Obligations, I owe several Hints of it to Dr.* Swift. *And if you will so far continue your Favour, as to write against it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following Motto,*

Non tu in *Trivijs*, indocte, solebas,
Stridenti, miserum, stipulâ disperdere carmen?

The Subject of the TRIVIA was pleasing to Mr. *GAY*, for he thus sings,

My youthful * Bosom burns with Thirst of Fame,
From the great Theme to build a glorious Name;

To

* The Author's Age, about 22.

To tread in Paths to ancient Bards unknown,
And bind my Temples with a *Civic*-Crown;
But more, my Country's Love demands the Lays,
My Country's be the Profit, mine the Praise.

He first treats, Of the *Implements* for Walking the Streets by Night, and Signs of the Weather. Among these *Implements*, as the Welfare of the Ladies was always the Delight of our Bard, and having preserved their *Faces* by his FAN; he next takes Care of their *Feet*, by the *Invention* of the PATTEN, *viz.*

Forget not, O my Muse! the PATTEN's Praise,
That Female *Implement* shall grace thy Lays;
Say from what Art divine th'Invention came,
And from its *Origin* deduce its *Name*.

PATTY.

A TALE.

WHere *Lincoln* wide extends her Fenny Soil,
A goodly Yeoman liv'd grown old with Toil;
One only Daughter bleſt his Nuptial Bed,
Who from her infant Hand the *Poultry* fed:
Martha, her careful Mother's Name, ſhe bore,
But now her careful Mother was no more.
Whilſt on her Father's Knee the Damſel play'd
PATTY he fondly call'd the Smiling Maid;
As Years increas'd, her ruddy Beauty grew,
And PATTY's fame o'er all the Village flew.

Soon as the bluſhing Morning warms the Skies,
And in the doubtful Day the *Woodcock* flies,
Her cleanly Pail the pretty Houſwife bears,
And ſinging, to the diſtant Fields, repairs:
And when the Plains with Ev'ning dews are ſpread,
The milky Burthen ſmokes upon her Head.

Deep,

Deep, thro' a miry Lane she pick'd her way,
Above her Ankle rose the chalky Clay.

Vulcan by chance the bloomy Maiden spies,
With Innocence and Beauty in her Eyes:
He saw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet Innocence and Beauty meet in one.
Ah *Mulciber*! recal thy Nuptial vows,
Think on the Graces of thy *Paphian* Spouse,
Think how her Eyes dart inexhausted Charms,
And canst thou leave her Bed for PATTY's Arms?

The *Lemnian* Pow'r forsakes the Realms Above,
His Bosom glowing with Terrestrial Love.
Far in the Lane, a lonely Hut he found,
No Tenant ventur'd on th'unwholsome Ground.
Here smokes his Forge, he bares his sinewy Arm,
And early Strokes the sounding Anvil warm;
Around his Shop the steely Sparkles flew
As for the Steed he shap'd the bending Shoe.

When blue-Ey'd PATTY near his Window came
His Anvil rests, his Forge forgets to Flame.
To hear his soothing Tales, she feigns Delays;
What Woman can resist the Force of Praise?

At first she coyly ev'ry Kiss withstood,
And all her Cheek was flush'd with modest Blood:
With headless Nails he now surrounds her Shoes,
To save her Steps from Rains and piercing Dews;

She lik'd his soothing Tales, his Presents wore,
And granted Kisses, but would grant no more.
Yet Winter chill'd her Feet, with Cold she pines,
And on her Cheek the fading Rose declines;
No more her humid Eyes their Lustre boast,
And in hoarse Sounds her melting Voice is lost.

This *Vulcan* saw, and in his Heav'nly thought,
A new Machine mechanick Fancy wrought,
Above the Mire her shelter'd Steps to raise,
And bare her safely thro' the Wintry Ways.
Strait the new Engine on his Anvil glows,
And the pale Virgin on the PATTEN rose.
No more her Lungs are shook with dropping Rheums,
And on her Cheek reviving Beauty blooms.
The God obtain'd his Suit; tho' flatt'ry Fail,
Presents with Female Virtue must prevail.
The PATTEN now Supports each frugal Dame,
Which from the blue-Ey'd *Patty* takes the Name.

The *Second* Book of the TRIVIA contains *Rules* to be observed in *Walking the Streets by* DAY.

After a *Description* of the *Town* in the *Morning*, and the *Accidents* to which all Itinerants are liable, he introduces an *Episode* of the SHOE-BOY's *Rise*, which I cannot pass by; but think my Self obliged to let it succeed the *Inventi-*

ons of the FAN and the PATTEN, for the Reader's Entertainment; *viz.*

Whene'er the gath'ring Mire thy Feet beſmear,
The *Voice* of *Induſtry* is always near.
Hark? the Boy calls thee to his deſtin'd Stand,
And the Shoe ſhines beneath his oily Hand,
Here let the Muſe, fatigu'd amid the Throng,
Adorn her Precepts with digreſſive Song;
Of *Shirtleſs-Youths* the ſecret Riſe to trace,
And ſhow the Parent of the *Sable* Race.

CLOA-

CLOACINA.

A TALE.

LIKE mortal Man, great *Jove* (grown fond of Change)
Of old was wont the nether World to range
To ſeek Amours; the Vice the Monarch lov'd
Soon thro' the wide Ætherial Court improv'd.
And ev'n the Proudeſt Goddeſs now and then
Would lodge a Night among the Sons of Men;
To vulgar Deities deſcends the Faſhion,
Each, like her Betters, had her Earthly Paſſion.
Then CLOACINA * (Goddeſs of the Tide
Whoſe *ſable Streams* beneath the City glide)
Indulg'd the modiſh Flame: the Town ſhe rov'd
A mortal *Scavenger* ſhe ſaw, ſhe lov'd;
The muddy Spots that dry'd upon his Face,
Like Female Patches, heighten'd ev'ry Grace:

* *Cloacina* was a Goddeſs, whoſe Image *Tatius*, a King of the *Sabines*, found in the Common-Shore; and not knowing what Goddeſs it was, he call'd it *Cloacina*, from the Place in which it was found, and paid to it divine Honours. *Lactant.* 1. 20, *Minuc. Fel. Oct.* p. 232.

She gaz'd; ſhe ſigh'd. for Love can Beauties ſpy,
In what ſeems Faults to ev'ry common Eye.

Now had the Watchman walk'd his *ſecond* Round;
When *Cloacina* hears the rumbling Sound
Of her brown Lover's Cart, for well ſhe knows
That pleaſing Thunder: ſwift the Goddeſs roſe,
And thro' the Streets purſu'd the diſtant Noiſe
Her Boſom panting with expected Joys.
With the Night-wandring Harlot's Airs ſhe paſt,
Bruſh'd near his Side, and wanton Glances caſt;
In the Black form of Cinder-Wench ſhe came.
When Love, the Hour, the Place, had baniſh'd Shame;
To the dark Alley, Arm in Arm, they move;
O may no Link-Boy interrupt their Love!
When the pale Moon had nine times fill'd her Space,
The pregnant Goddeſs (cautious of Diſgrace)
Deſcends to Earth; but ſought no Midwife's Aid
Nor midſt her Anguiſh to *Lucina* pray'd;
No chearful Goſſip wiſh'd the Mother joy,
Alone, beneath a Bulk, ſhe dropt the Boy.

The Child, thro' various Riſques, in years improv'd,
At firſt a Beggar's-Brat, compaſſion mov'd;

His Infant-Tongue ſoon learnt the Canting Art
Knew all the Pray'rs and Whines *to touch the Heart.*

O happy un-own'd Youths, your Limbs can bear
The ſcorching Dog-Star, and the Winter's Air,
While the rich Infant, nurs'd with Care and Pain,
Thirſts with each Heat, and Coughs with ev'ry Rain!

The Goddeſs long had mark'd the Child's Diſtreſs,
And long had ſought his Suff'rings to redreſs;
She prays the Gods to take the Fondling's part,
To teach his Hands ſome beneficial Art,
Practis'd in Streets: The Gods her Suit allow'd,
And made him uſeful to the Walking-Crowd,
To cleanſe the miry Feet, and o'er the Shoe
With nimble Skill the gloſſy Black renew.
Each Pow'r contributes to relieve the Poor:
With the ſtrong Briſtles of the mighty *Boar*
Diana forms his *Bruſh*; the *God* of *Day*
A *Tripod* gives, amid the crouded Way
To raiſe the dirty Foot, and eaſe his Toil;
Kind *Neptune* fills his Vaſe with fœtid Oil

Preſs'd from th'enormous Whale; the *God* of *Fire*,
From whoſe Dominion ſmoky Clouds aſpire,
Among theſe gen'rous Preſents joins his Part,
And aids with *Soot* the *new japanning Art*:
Pleas'd ſhe receives the Gifts; ſhe downward glides,
Lights in *Fleet-Ditch*, and ſhoots beneath the Tides.

Now dawns the Morn, the ſturdy Lad awakes,
Leaps from his Stall, his tangled Hair he ſhakes,
Then leaning o'er the Rails, he muſing ſtood,
And view'd below the black Canal of Mud,
Where Common-Shores a lulling Murmur keep,
Whoſe Torrents ruſh from *Holborn*'s fatal Steep:
Penſive, thro' Idleneſs, Tears flow'd apace,
Which eas'd his loaded Heart, and waſh'd his Face;
At length he ſighing cry'd; That Boy was bleſt,
Whoſe Infant-Lips have drain'd a Mother's Breaſt;
But happier far are thoſe (if ſuch be known)
Whom both a Father and a Mother own:
But, I alas! hard Fortune's utmoſt Scorn,
Who ne'er knew Parent, was an Orphan born!

Some Boys are rich by Birth beyond all Wants,
Belov'd by Uncles, and kind good old Aunts;
When Time comes round a *Chriſtmas-Box* they bear,
And one Day makes 'em Rich for all the Year.
Had I the Precepts of a Father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the Coachman's Fate had earn'd;
For leſſer Boys can drive; I thirſty ſtand
And ſee the double Flaggon charge their Hand,
See 'em puff off the Froth, and gulp amain,
While with dry Tongue I lick my Lips in vain.

While thus he fervent prays, the heaving Tide
In widen'd Circles beats on either Side;
The Goddeſs Roſe amid the inmoſt Round,
With wither'd Turnip-Tops her Temples crown'd;
Low reach'd her dripping Treſſes, lank and black
As the ſmooth Jet, or gloſſy Raven's back;
Around her Waiſt a circ'ling Eel was twin'd,
Which bound her Robe that hung in Rags behind.
Now beck'ning to the Boy; ſhe thus begun,
Thy Pray'rs are granted; weep no more, my Son:

Go, thrive. At ſome frequented Corner ſtand,
This *Bruſh* I give Thee, graſp it in thy Hand,
Temper the *Soot* within this *Vaſe* of *Oil*,
And let the little Tripod aid thy Toil;
On this, methinks, I ſee the *Walking Crew*,
At thy Requeſt ſupport the miry Shoe;
The Foot grows black, that was with Dirt imbrown'd,
And in thy Pocket jingling Ha'pence ſound.
The Goddeſs plunges ſwift beneath the Flood,
And daſhes all around her Show'rs of Mud:
The Youth ſtrait choſe his Poſt; the Labour ply'd
Where branching Streets from *Charing-Croſs* divide;
His Treble-Voice reſounds along the *Meuſe*,
And *White-hall* echoes—*clean your Honour's Shoes*.

Our *Itinerant* being ſafely conducted through the Suburbs, the Bard, next, leads him into the City; where among the *offenſive Smells* of *Thames-Street*, he informs us of *one*, to which he had a *natural Antipathy*, that of *Cheſhire-Cheeſe*, viz.

—How

——— How ſhall I
Paſs where in Piles * *Cornavian*-Cheeſes lie;
Cheeſe, that the Table's cloſing Rites denies,
And bids me with th'unwilling Chaplain riſe.

Having reached the *Tower*, he returns the publick Way thro' *Cornhill* and *Cheapſide* to *Covent-Garden*. *Here*, ſays he, *oft my Courſe I bend.*———After deſcribing that Quarter of the Town, he recounts the *Great Froſt* in the Year 1715, and moſt pathetically laments the Loſs of his Fruitereſs DOLLY, *viz.*

'Twas here the Matron found a doleful Fate:
Let *Elegiac*-Lay the Woe relate,
Soft as the Breath of diſtant Flutes, at Hours
When ſilent, Ev'ning cloſes up the Flow'rs;
Lulling as falling Water's hollow Noiſe;
Indulging Grief, like *Philomela*'s Voice.

DOLL ev'ry Day had walk'd the treach'rous Roads;
Her Neck grew warpt beneath Autumnal Loads
Of various Fruit; ſhe now a Basket bore,
That Head, alas! ſhall Basket bear no more.

* *Cheſhire* was anciently called *Cornavia*.

Each Booth she frequent past, in quest of Gain,
And Boys with Pleasure heard her shrilling Strain;
Ah Doll! all *Mortals* must resign their Breath,
And *Industry it self* submit to Death!
The cracking Chrystal yields, she sinks, she dies,
Her Head, chopt off from her lost Shoulders, flies;
Pippins she cry'd, but Death her Voice confounds,
And *Pip-Pip-Pip* along the Ice resounds.

So when the *Thracian* Furies *Orpheus* tore,
And left his bleeding Trunk deform'd with Gore,
His sever'd Head floats down the silver Tide,
His yet warm Tongue for his lost Consort cry'd;
Eurydice with quiv'ring Voice he mourn'd,
And *Heber*'s Banks *Eurydice* return'd.

Having observed the Cruelty of the Coachmen and Carmen, to their Cattle, the Poet makes a very good Use of the *Pythagorean* System, by the following Application of its Doctrine, *viz.*

If, as the *Samian* taught, the *Soul* revives,
And shifting Seats in other *Bodies* lives:

Severe

Severe ſhall be the brutal *Coachman*'s Change,
Doom'd in a *Hackney-Horſe* the Town to range;
Carmen, transform'd, the groaning Load ſhall draw,
Whom other Tyrants with the Laſh ſhall awe.

Our Author next, in a moſt agreeable manner, recounts the *London*-Cries, deſcribes the importunity of Beggars, and thus delineates the voracious Undertakers of Funerals, *viz.*

Where the Braſs-Knocker wrapt in Flannel Band,
Forbids the Thunder of the Footman's Hand;
Th'*Upholder*, rueful Harbinger of Death,
Waits with Impatience for the Dying-Breath;
As *Vultures*, o'er a Camp, with hov'ring Flight,
Snuff up the future Carnage of the Fight.
Here canſt Thou paſs, unmindful of a Pray'r,
That Heav'n in Mercy may thy Brother ſpare.

Mr. *Gay* cloſes *this* Book, by requeſting the Company of a Gentleman, his intimate Acquaintance.

Come *Forteſcue*, * ſincere, experienc'd Friend,
Thy Briefs, thy Deeds, and ev'n thy Fees ſuſpend;

* *William Forteſcue*, Eſq; Counſellor at Law.

Come let us leave the *Temple*'s silent Walls,
Me Bus'ness to my distant Lodging calls;
Thro' the long *Strand* together let us stray:
† *With Thee conversing I forget* the way.

When they arrived at *St. James*'s, he points out, to his Friend, the following Objects, and ends with his own Wish, *viz.*

See yon bright Chariot on its Braces swing,
With *Flanders*-Mares, and with an arched Spring;
That *Wretch*, to gain an Equipage and Place,
Betray'd his *Sister* to a lewd Embrace.
This Coach that with the blazon'd Scutcheon glows,
Vain of his unknown Race, the *Coxcomb* shows.
There flames a *Fool*, begirt with tinsell'd Slaves,
Who wastes the Wealth of a whole Race of *Knaves*.
That other, with a clust'ring Train behind,
Owes his new Honours to a sordid Mind.
This next, in *Court-Fidelity* excells,
The Publick rifles, and his Country sells.

May the proud Chariot never be my Fate,
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a Rate;

† *With Thee Conversing I forget all Time,* Milton.

O! rather give me ſweet Content on Foot,
Wrapt in my Virtue, and a good *Surtout!*

The *Third*, and laſt *Book*, of *The* TRIVIA, contains *Directions for Walking the Streets by* NIGHT.

He invokes CYNTHIA, —— *Fair Regent of the Night.* Beginning thus his Moon-light Tour

Where the fair Columns of St. *Clement* ſtand,
Whoſe ſtraiten'd Bounds incroach upon the *Strand.*

After deſcribing the Caſualties, which may befal the *Itinerant*, in that Part of the Town, our *Bard* ſpeaks very feelingly, and is loth to loſe his *Miſtreſs* in the Croud.

—— I (perhaps too fond) if chance the Tide
Tumultuous, bear my Partner from my Side,
Impatient venture back; deſpiſing Harm,
I force my Paſſage where the thickeſt ſwarm.
Thus *Niſus* wander'd o'er the pathleſs Grove,
To find the brave Companion of his Love,
The pathleſs Grove in vain he wanders o'er:
Euryalus, alas! is now no more.

He next meets a *Funeral*, and thus excellently moralizes upon the *Vanity* of its *Solemnity*.

Contemplate, Mortal, on thy fleeting Years;
See with black Train the *Funeral-Pomp* appears!
Whether ſome Heir attends in Sable-State,
And mourns with outward Grief a Parent's Fate;
Or the fair Virgin, nipt in Beauty's Bloom,
A Croud of Lovers follow to her Tomb.
Why is the Herſe with Scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding Plume of Oſtrich crown'd?
No. The Dead know it not, nor Profit gain;
It only ſerves to prove the Living vain.
How ſhort is Life! how frail is Human Truſt!
Is all this Pomp for laying *Duſt to Duſt?*

His *Advice*, to the *Itinerant*, to avoid,

The Harlot's guileful Paths,

is admirable; and the *Trick* played his *Countryman*, by *one* of *them*, is very entertaining, *viz.*

Beware

Beware the Laſs, who ſtroles with ſaunt'ring Pace,
No ſtubborn Stays her yielding Shape embrace;
Beneath the Lamp her tawdry Ribbons glare,
The new-ſcour'd Manteau, and the ſlattern Air;
High-draggled Petticoats her Travels ſhow,
And hollow-Cheeks with artful Bluſhes glow;
With flatt'ring Sounds ſhe ſooths the cred'lous Ear,
My noble Captain! Charmer! Love! my Dear!
In riding-Hood near Tavern-Doors ſhe plies,
Or muffled Pinners hide her livid Eyes.
She darts from Sarſnet Ambuſh wily Leers,
Twitches thy Sleeve; or with familiar Airs
Her Fan will pat thy Cheek; theſe Snares diſdain,
Nor gaze behind Thee when ſhe turns again.

I knew a Yeoman, who for thirſt of Gain,
To this great City drove from *Devon*'s Plain
His num'rous lowing Herd; his Herds he ſold,
And his deep leathern Pocket fill'd with Gold;
Drawn by a fraudful Nymph, he gaz'd, he ſigh'd;
Unmindful of his Home, and diſtant Bride,
She leads the willing Victim to his Doom,
Thro' winding Alleys to her Cobweb Room.

Then

Then thro' the Street he reels, from Poſt to Poſt,
Valiant with Wine, nor knows his Treaſure loſt.
The vagrant Wretch th'aſſembled Watchmen ſpies,
He waves his Hanger, and their Poles defies;
Deep in the Round-Houſe pent all Night he ſnores,
And the next Morn, in vain, his Fate deplores.

The TRIVIA contains near 1300 Verſes; and, of the whole, every Reader of Taſte muſt cry out with Colonel *Codrington*, upon reading the *Diſpenſary*,

I read Thee over with a Lover's Eye,
Thou haſt no Faults, or I, no Faults can ſpy,
Thou art all Beauty, or all Blindneſs I.

Thus, alluding to the *exegi monumentum* of OVID, Mr. *Gay* cloſes;

And now Compleat my gen'rous Labours lie,
Finiſh'd, and Ripe for Immortality.
Death ſhall entomb in Duſt this mould'ring Frame,
But never reach th'eternal Part, my Fame.

When

When *Ward* * and *Gildon* †, mighty Names, are dead;
Or but at *Chelsea* under Custards read;
When Criticks crazy Band-boxes repair,
And Tragedies, turn'd Rockets, bounce in Air;
High rais'd on *Fleetstreet*-Posts, consign'd to Fame,
This Work shall shine, and *Walkers* bless my Name.

What next falls under Consideration, according to Mr. *GAY*'s own Disposition of his Writings, || is *The* WHAT D'YE CALL IT: A *Tragi-Comi-Pastoral* Farce. Of *this kind* of *Dramatick Entertainment* upon the Stage, he acknowledges himself to have been the *first* Introducer. He likewise thought it necessary, not only to shew the *Nature* of it; but to answer *some Objections* that have been raised against it; this, he has fully done in his Preface, to which we refer.

I am most obligingly prevented from attempting any *Examen* of this agreeable *Drama*, by the following Letter, for which I return the Writer of it my sincerest Thanks.

* *Ned Ward*, Author of The *London*-Spy; Trips to *Jamaica*, &c. and such Trash, fit only to wrap up Pastry.

† *Charles Gildon*, a mighty Critick, Author of *Three* Tragedies, all Damned, and consequently turned into Fire-Works.

|| Published in Quarto, by Subscription, under this Title, POEMS *on several Occasions. By Mr.* JOHN GAY.

To Mr. *CURLL.*

Dec. 28. 1732.

SIR,

AS you desire Mr. *GAY*'s Friends to communicate such Materials, as may enable you to give a satisfactory Account of his Life; * you receive this, from one of his Admirers, to point out a Species of Beauty in him, which every Body has not taken notice of.

I think the REHEARSAL is, and always has been received, by the Town, as a fine Piece of *Wit*, and *Satire*, upon *bad* Poetry. I recommend these two following *Places* in Mr. *GAY*'s *What d'ye call it* to you (and if you please, to your Readers) as superior to many celebrated *Passages* in the REHEARSAL.

In the Tragedy of JANE SHORE, where you ought to have the Penitent *abhorring* her Crime, for its *infernal* Deformity, not for its *temporal* Consequences; she is introduced lamenting the *Partiality* of the World, in allowing greater Liberties

* See The *Daily Advertiser* of *Dec.* 9th, &c.

Liberties to *Men*, than to the *Fair Sex*. This *falſe* Sentiment is thus *finely* dreſſed up.

Such is the Fate unhappy Women find,
And ſuch the Curſe intail'd upon our kind,
That Man, the lawleſs Libertine, may rove,
Free and unqueſtion'd thro' the wilds of Love;
While Woman, Senſe and Nature's eaſy Fool,
If poor weak Woman ſwerve from Virtue's Rule;
If ſtrongly charm'd, ſhe leave the thorny way.
And in the ſofter Paths of Pleaſure ſtray;
Ruin enſues, Reproach and endleſs Shame,
And one falſe Step entirely damns her Fame.
In vain, with Tears, the Loſs ſhe may deplore,
In vain look back to what ſhe was before,
She ſets, like Stars that fall, to riſe no more.

ACT I.

And thus juſtly ridiculed in the Mouth of *Dorcas*, in the *What d'ye call it*.

Ah, why does Nature give us ſo much Cauſe
To make kind-hearted Laſſes break the Laws?
Why ſhould hard Laws kind-hearted Laſſes bind,
When too ſoft Nature draws us after Kind?

SCENE I. ACT I.

In *Venice Preſerv'd* you have a Traitor reaſoning upon the Wheel, that he who had been a *bold Soldier* ought not to ſuffer for *Treaſon*.

The Dialogue proceeds thus,

Jaffier. Say, is it fitting, that a Soldier,
Who has fought Nations Battles, and been
crown'd with Conqueſt,
B'expos'd a common Carcaſe on a Wheel?

Pierre. Ha!

Jaffier. Say, is it fitting?

Pierre. 'Tis hard! 'tis wondrous hard!

And yet *falſe* as this Sentiment is, the Diſtreſs of a *bold Man* is too apt to work in the Compaſſion of the Audience, tho' they know him to be the worſt of Villains. See whether you have not this *juſtly* ridiculed, in the *What d'ye call it*, by *Peaſcod.*

PEASCOD. Say, is it fitting in this *very Field*,
Where I ſo oft have *Reap'd*, ſo oft have *Till'd*:
This Field, where from my Youth I've been a
Carter,
I, in *this Field*, ſhould *Die* for a *Deſerter*?

That is, I have been a good *Plowman*, and have proved it in this very Field: therefore ought I to ſuffer for *Deſertion*?

I ſhould have ſaid, a little while ago, that the Sentiment of *Jane Shore* and *Dorcas* are of a Piece

Piece with that of the *Thief* in *Mat. Prior*'s Ballad (of the *Thief* and the *Cordelier*.)

Cord. What frightens you thus, my good Son, ſays the Prieſt,
You *murder'd*, are *ſorry*, and have been *confeſs'd*.
Thief. Ah! Father, my *Sorrow* will ſcarce *ſave my Bacon*:
'Twas not that I *murder'd*, but that I was *taken*.

Now, Sir, the Reaſon why I prefer theſe Inſtances of Mr. *GAY*'s *Criticiſm*, to the greateſt Part of the REHEARSAL, is, becauſe in the *Latter*, the Attack is generally made upon an *Expreſſion*, a *Poverty of Diction*, or a *Jingle*, or at moſt, a bad *Simile*. But our Poet reprehends the *Fault* of the *Mind*, and prevents our falling in Love with *Vice*, tho' neatly habited.

If theſe Hints be worth Notice, throw them into a better Form; for you have them from a Perſon who never yetſaw himſelf in Print, tho' Mr. *Gay*'s Admirer, and

Your unknown humble Servant,

J. R.

P. S. In a very ingenious Poem in PRAISE of the HORN-BOOK, lately publiſhed, are the following Lines, *viz.*

An

An aged Peaſant, on his Dying-Bed,
Wiſh'd for a Friend ſome godly Book to read;
The pious Grandſon then his Horn-Book takes,
And (Eyes lift up) this ſav'ry Lecture makes:
Great A, he gravely roar'd; th'important Sound
The empty Walls and hollow Roof rebound:
Th'expiring Antient rear'd his drooping Head,
And thank'd his Stars that *Hodge* had learn'd to Read.
Great B, the Younker bawls; O! heavenly Breath!
What Ghoſtly Comforts in the Hour of Death!
What Hopes I feel! *Great* C, pronounc'd the Boy,
The Grandſire dies with Extacy of Joy.

You will ſee, *Sir*, by the above-cited Verſes, that I am but one of Mr. *GAY*'s *ſecond-rate* Admirers; for, I dare venture to affirm, that HODGE'S *Horn-Book-Lecture*, to his *Dying-Grandfather*, was compoſed in Alluſion to PEASCOD'S *Dying-Speech*, when he was led out to be Shot for a *Deſerter*, viz.

COUNTRYMAN, *to* PEASCOD.

——————— Repent thine Ill,
And Pray in this good Book.—[*Gives him a Book.*

PEAS-

PEASCOD.

——— I will, I will.
Lend me thy Handkercher——*The Pilgrim's Pro—*
(I cannot ſee for Tears) *Pro—Progreſs*, Oh!
The Pilgrim's Progreſs—Eighth—Edi-ti-on.
Lon-don—Prin-ted—for—Ni-cho-las Bod-ding-ton,
With new Ad-di-ti-ons never made before.
Oh! 'tis ſo moving, I can read no more.
[*Drops the Book.*

What d'ye call it, SCENE I. ACT II.

Yours, once more, J. R.

Here we muſt obſerve, in point of Literary Chronology, that the *firſt* Dramatick Piece Mr. *GAY* publiſhed was,

I. The WIFE of *Bath*. A Comedy. Acted at the Theatre-Royal in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, 1714. * In this Play, as he informs the Reader in the Prologue,

He draws his *Characters* from *Chaucer's* Days,
On which our Grandſires are profuſe of Praiſe;
When

* Printed in *Quarto*. He *Reviſed* and *Altered* it in an *Octavo* Edition, which was Re-Printed 1730.

When *all Mankind* (if we'll believe *Tradition*,)
Jogg'd on in ſettled *Conjugal Fruition:*
Then the *ſtrict Father*, no hard Bargains drove
For *Jointures:* All the Settlement was *Love.*
Yet many a *modeſt, knowing Bride*, was led
With *artful* Bluſhes to the Nuptial Bed.
The *Wife* of *Bath* in modern *Wives* we find,
And *Superſtition* runs thro' *all the Kind*;
We but repeat our *Grandſires* Actions o'er,
And copy *Follies* which were *Theirs* before.

The Plot of the whole Comedy is excellently wound up in one Diſtich,

Thro' the *Fair Sex* this pious Humour runs,
Were there *no* Men, *all* Women would be *Nuns.*

II. In the Year 1717, A Comedy was brought upon the *Drury-Lane* Stage, call'd *Three Hours after Marriage.* It was printed in *Octavo*, and with this remarkable Motto from MARTIAL,

Rumpatur, quiſquis rumpitur Invidia.

The Satire of this Piece was levelled at Dr. *Woodward*, who was made the Hero of it, by the Name of *Foſſile*; and the Character was admirably repreſented by the beſt Comedian of the preſent Age, (in his Style of Playing) Mr. *Johnſon*; as was that of Mrs. *Foſſile*, by Mrs. *Oldfield.*

In

In a ſhort Advertiſement prefixed to this Play, Mr. *GAY* frankly owns the Aſſiſtance he received from *Two Friends*, † "Who tho', *ſays* "*he*, they will not allow me the *Honour* of "having their Names joined with mine, can-"not deprive me of the *Pleaſure* of making "an *Acknowledgment*.

This Drama expired in Three Days, as was prophetically foretold by theſe Lines of the Prologue, *viz.*

Authors are judg'd, by ſtrange, capricious Rules;
The *Great-ones* are thought *Mad*, the *Small-ones* Fools:
Yet ſure the *Beſt* are moſt *ſeverely fated*,
Poor *Fools* are only *laugh'd at*, Wits *are hated*.

Probatum eſt.

III. Mr. *GAY* wrote, and publiſhed, a Farce called *The* MOHOCKS; but it was never acted. Theſe were a Set of *modern Rakes*, who took delight in *ſcowring* the *Streets*, *breaking* Windows with *Ha'pence*, and committing many other Midnight Magots and Outrages.

‖ Who has not trembled at the *Mohock*'s Name?

Neither of theſe Three Dramatick Performances are inſerted by Mr. *GAY*, in the Col-

† Dr. *Arbuthnot* and Mr. *Pope*.
‖ TRIVIA. B. III. V. 326.

lection of his *Poetical Writings*; but we cannot aſſign the Reaſon of their omiſſion.

We ſhall now proceed to the other Pieces, which he has collected. The *Firſt* of which, (in his Second Volume) is,

An EPISTLE to a LADY. Occaſioned by the Arrival of HER ROYAL HIGHNESS the PRINCESS of WALES, 1715, Her preſent Majeſty, whom he therein thus delineates, *viz.*

Beauty and Wit were ſure by Nature join'd,
And Charms are Emanations of the Mind;
The Soul tranſpiercing thro' the ſhining Frame
Forms all the Graces of the Princely Dame:
Benevolence her Converſation guides,
Smiles on her Cheek, and in her Eye reſides.
Such Harmony upon her Tongue is found,
As ſoftens *Engliſh* to *Italian* Sound:
Yet in theſe Sounds ſuch Sentiments appear,
As charm the Judgment, while they ſooth the Ear.

Religion's cheerful Flame her Boſom warms,
Calms all her Hours, and brightens all her Charms.
Henceforth, ye Fair, at Chapel mind your Pray'rs,
Nor catch your Lover's Eyes with artful Airs.

Reſtrain

Reſtrain your Looks, kneel more, and whiſper leſs,
Nor moſt devoutly criticiſe on *Dreſs*.

From *Her*, form all your Characters of Life,
The tender *Mother*, and the *faithful Wife*.
Oft *have I ſeen* her little *Infant-Train*,
The lovely Promiſe of a future Reign;
Obſerv'd with Pleaſure ev'ry dawning Grace,
And all the *Mother* op'ning in *their* Face,
The *Son* ſhall add new Honours to the Line,
And early with *Paternal-Virtues* ſhine;
When He the Tale of *Audenard* repeats,
His little Heart with Emulation beats;
With Conqueſts yet to come his Boſom glows,
He dreams of Triumphs and of vanquiſh'd Foes.
Each Year with Arts ſhall ſtore his rip'ning Brain,
And from his *Grandſire* he ſhall learn to Reign.

Mr. *GAY* likewiſe tells the LADY, to whom he addreſſes this Epiſtle,

One Morn upon the *Princeſs* this I writ,
An *Epigram* that boaſts more Truth than Wit.

The Pomp of Titles eaſy Faith might ſhake,
She ſcorn'd an Empire for Religion's ſake.

For this, on *Earth* the *Britiſh* Crown is given,
And an immortal Crown decreed in *Heaven*.

Again while GEORGE's Virtues rais'd my Thought,
The following Lines Prophetic Fancy wrought.

Methinks I ſee ſome Bard, whoſe heav'nly Rage
Shall riſe to Song, and warm a future Age;
Look back thro' Time, and, rapt in Wonder, trace
The glorious Series of the *Brunſwick*-Race.

From the *firſt* GEORGE theſe godlike Kings deſcend,
A Line which only with the World ſhall end,
The *next* a gen'rous Prince renown'd in Arms,
And bleſt, long bleſt, in *Carolina*'s Charms;
From theſe the *reſt*. 'Tis thus ſecure in *Peace*,
We plow the Fields, and reap the Years Increaſe:
Now *Commerce* wealthy Goddeſs, rears her Head,
And bids *Britannia*'s Fleets their Canvas ſpread;
Un-number'd Ships the peopled Ocean hide,
And Wealth returns with each revolving Tide.

Here paus'd the ſullen Muſe, in haſte I dreſs'd,
And thro' the Croud of *needy Courtiers* preſs'd;
Tho' *unſucceſsful*, happy *whilſt I ſee*,
Thoſe Eyes that *glad* a Nation, *ſhine on me*.

The *ill Succeſs* Mr. *GAY* here ſo juſtly complains of, and *needy Courtiers*, obliges us to look back to the Time of Queen ANNE. Every one knows how that excellent Princeſs was harraſſed by her Miniſtry, during the *four laſt Years* of her Reign. About this Time Mr. *GAY* was introduced at Court by the late Earl of *Oxford*, and Lord *Bolingbroke:* Mighty Promiſes were made him by theſe two Peers, but none fulfill'd. All that we find, is, — He had been appointed Secretary of the EMBASSY to *Hanover*; * by which Means, and which, it is believed, was the greateſt Advantage he obtained by this ſmall Employ, (not worth mentioning) he had the Honour of being perſonally known to the preſent Royal Family; to whom, in ſeveral of his Performances, he has ſufficiently expreſſed his Loyalty and Affection. And it is the more ſurprizing, and greatly to be lamented, that a Man of his real Merit ſhould be ſo much neglected, eſpecially in the *Laſt* Reign, as to make the following Complaints, *viz.*

I left the *Muſes* to frequent the *Court*;

Penſive

*In the Year 1714 (the laſt of her Majeſty's Reign) the Lord *Paget*, the Earl of *Clarendon*, and Mr. *Harley*, were all ſent to *Hanover*, to aſſure that *illuſtrious Houſe* of her Majeſty's Affection towards them; but at the ſame Time to expreſs her high Reſentment of the Demand of a Writ for ſummoning his Electoral Highneſs, as Duke of *Cambridge*, to the *Houſe* of *Lords*.

Penſive each Night from Room to Room I walk'd,
To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd;
Enquir'd what *News*, or ſuch a *Lady*'s Name,
And did the next Day, and the next, the ſame.
Places, I found, were daily given away,
And yet no friendly *Gazette* mention'd GAY.
I *ask'd* a Friend what Method to purſue;
He *cry'd*, I want a Place as well as you.
Another ask'd *me*, why I had not writ;
A *Poet* owes his *Fortune* to his *Wit*.
Strait I *reply'd*, with what a Courtly Grace,
Flows eaſy Verſe from Him that has a Place!
Had *Virgil* ne'er at Court improv'd his Strains,
He ſtill had ſung of Flocks and homely Swains;
And had not *Horace* ſweet Preferment found,
The *Roman* Lyre had never learnt to ſound.

Shortly after, Mr. *GAY* wrote an Epiſtle to the Earl of *Burlington*, giving an Account of *a Journey to* EXETER, whither he was ſent by his Lordſhip. This Epiſtle opens with Mr. POPE's Robbing the Earl's Orchard,

At *Chiſwick* ſtrips all Boughs within his reach
The purple Vine, blue Plumb, and bluſhing Peach.

The Detail of this whole Expedition is very entertaining; but *one* merry Incident I cannot paſs

paſs over, which is, that when He and his two Companions came to *Axminſter*, they lay in Smocks all Night, in order to have clean Shirts in the Morning, *viz.*

We climb'd the Hills, when ſtarry Night aroſe,
And *Axminſter* affords a kind Repoſe.
The Maid ſubdu'd by Fees, her Trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly Aid of Dowlas Smocks.
Mean Time our *Shirts* her buſy Fingers rub,
While the Soap lathers o'er the foaming Tub.
If Women's Geer ſuch pleaſing Dreams incite,
Lend us your *Smocks*, ye Damſels, ev'ry Night!
We riſe, our Beards demand the Barber's Art;
A Female enters, aud performs the Part.
The weighty Golden-Chain adorns her Neck,
And *three* Gold-Rings her skilful Hand bedeck;
Smooth o'er our Chins her eaſy Fingers move,
Soft as when *Venus* ſtroak'd the Beard of *Jove*.

We next find Mr. *GAY* accompanying Mr. PULTENEY to *Paris*, and thus excellently deſcribing, in an Epiſtle to Him, the Fopperies of that Nation, *viz.*

In *Paris* there's a Race of Animals,
(I've ſeen 'em at their *Operas* and *Balls*)

They

They *ſtand* erect, they *Dance* whene'er they *Walk*,
Monkeys in Action, *Parroquetes* in Talk;
They're crown'd with Feathers like the *Cockatoo*,
And like *Camelions*, daily change their Hue;
From *Patches*, juſtly plac'd, they borrow Graces,
And with *Vermilion*, lacquer o'er their Faces;
This Cuſtom as we viſibly diſcern,
They by frequenting Ladies Toilets learn.

How happy lives the Man, how ſure to charm,
Whoſe Knot embroider'd flutters down his Arm!
On him the Ladies caſt the yielding Glance,
Sigh in his Songs, and languiſh in his Dance;
While wretched is the Wit, contemn'd, forlorn,
Whoſe gummy Hat no ſcarlet Plumes adorn;
No broider'd Flowers his worſted Ankle grace,
Nor Cane emboſs'd with Gold directs his pace;
No Lady's Favour on his Sword is hung,
What tho' *Apollo* dictate from his Tongue,
His Wit is ſpiritleſs, and void of Grace,
Who wants th' Aſſurance of Brocade and Lace.
While the gay Fop genteely talks of Weather,
The Fair in Raptures doat upon his Feather;
He Dreſſes, Fences. What avails to know?
For Women chuſe their Men, like Silks, for ſhow.

Yet let us not their looſe Coquet'ry blame;
Women *of ev'ry* Nation *are the ſame.*

You ask me, if *Pariſian*-Dames like *ours*,
With ratt'ling Dice profane the *Sunday*'s Hours;
If they the Gameſter's pale-ey'd Vigils keep,
And ſtake their Honour while their Husbands ſleep.
Yes Sir; like *Engliſh* Toaſts, the Dames of *France*
Will riſque their Income on a ſingle Chance.
But here no Wife can blaſt her Husband's Fame,
Cuckold is grown an Honourable Name.
Stretch'd on the Graſs the Shepherd ſighs his Pain,
And on the Graſs what Shepherd ſighs in vain?
Such were our Pleaſures in the Days of Yore,
When am'rous CHARLES *Britannia*'s Scepter bore;
The Nightly Scene of Joy the Park was made,
And Love, in Couples, peopled ev'ry Shade:
But ſince at Court the *Rural-Taſte* is loſt,
What mighty Sums have *Velvet-Couches* coſt?

Like *France*, our Courtiers keep a num'rous Train
To load their Coach; and Tradeſmen dun in vain.

Nor has Religion left us in the Lurch,
And, as in *France*, our Vulgar croud the Church;
Our *Ladies* too, ſupport the *Maſquerade*,
The *Sex*, by *Nature*, love th'*Intriguing-Trade*.

Here, on the *Opera*-Stage, the Youth of *France*,
In bright Array attract the Female Glance:
This languiſhes, this ſtruts, to ſhew his Mien,
And not a Gold-Clock'd-Stocking moves unſeen.

But hark! the full *Orcheſtra* ſtrike the Strings;
The Hero ſtruts, and the whole Audience ſings.

My jarring Ear, harſh, grating, Murmurs wound,
Hoarſe and confus'd like *Babel*'s mingled Sound.

O ſooth me with ſome ſoft *Italian* Air,
Let Harmony compoſe my tortur'd Ear!
When *Anaſtaſia*'s Voice commands the Strain,
The melting Warble thrills thro' ev'ry Vein;
Thought ſtands, Suſpence and Silence pleas'd attends,
While in *Her* Notes the Heav'nly-Choir deſcends.

You'll

You'll think 'tis Time ſome other Theme to
chuſe,
And not with Beaus and Fops fatigue the Muſe
Should I let Satire looſe on *Engliſh* Ground,
There, Fools of *various* Characters abound;
But *here*, my Verſe is to *one* Race confin'd,
All *Frenchmen* are of *Petit-maitre* kind.

In another *Epiſtle*, to Mr. METHUEN, Mr. *GAY* evidently proves, that, ENCOURACEMENT *is the Foundation of* SCIENCE.

Why muſt we climb the *Alpine* Mountains
Sides
To find the Seat where *Harmony* reſides?
Why touch we not ſo ſoft the Silver *Lute*,
The cheerful *Haut-Boy*, or the mellow *Flute*?
'Tis not th'*Italian-Clime* improves the Sound,
But *there* the Patrons of her Sons are found.

Why flouriſh'd *Verſe* in great *Auguſtus'*
Reign?
He and *Mæcenas* lov'd the Muſe's Strain.
But now that Wight in Poverty muſt mourn
Who was (O cruel Stars!) a Poet born.
Yet let not *Me* of Grievances complain,
Who (tho' the meaneſt of the Muſe's Train)

Can boaſt *Subſcriptions* to my humble *Lays*,
And mingle *Profit* with my little Praiſe.

Ask *Painting*, why ſhe loves *Heſperian* Air?
Go view, ſhe cries, my glorious Labours there;
There in rich Palaces I reign in ſtate,
And on the Temple's lofty Domes create.
The Nobles View my Works with Knowing Eyes,
They love the *Science*, and the *Painter* prize.

Mr. *GAY* concludes his Epiſtolary Writings, with a very humorous one, under the following Title, *viz.*

To my Ingenious and Worthy Friend

WILLIAM LOWNDES, Eſq;

AUTHOR *of that celebrated Treatiſe* in FOLIO, called, *The LAND-TAX* BILL.

WHEN Poets print their Works the ſcribling Crew,
Stick the Bard o'er with Bays, like *Chriſtmas* Pew:
Can meagre Poetry ſuch Fame deſerve?
Can Poetry; that only writes to ſtarve?
And ſhall no Laurel deck that famous Head,
In which the Senate's *Annual-Law* is bred?

That

That hoary Head, which greater Glory fires,
By nobler *Ways* and *Means* true Fame acquires.
O had I *Virgil*'s Force to *ſing the Man*,
Whoſe learned Lines can Millions raiſe PER ANN.
Great *Lowndes*'s Praiſe ſhould ſwell the Trump of Fame,
And *Rapes* and *Wapentakes* reſound his Name.

If the blind *Poet* gain'd a long renown,
By ſinging ev'ry *Grecian-Chief* and *Town*;
Sure *Lowndes*'s Proſe much greater Fame requires,
Which *ſweetly* counts five Thouſand *Knights* and *Squires*,
Their *Seats*, their *Cities*, *Pariſhes* and *Shires*.

Thy copious *Preamble* ſo *ſmoothly* runs,
Taxes no more appear like *Legal Duns*,
Lords, *Knights* and *Squires* th'*Aſſeſſor*'s Power obey,
We read with *Pleaſure*, tho' with *Pain* we pay.

Under what *Science* ſhall thy Works be read?
We know thou wert not *Poet* born and bred;
Or doſt thou boaſt th'*Hiſtorian*'s laſting Pen,
Whoſe Annals are the Acts of *Worthy Men*?
No. *Satire* is thy Talent; and each Laſh
Makes the rich *Miſer* tremble o'er his Caſh;

What on the *Drunkard* can be more ſevere,
Than direful Taxes on his Ale and Beer?

Thou ſhalt thro' *Britain*'s diſtant Iſle be ſpread,
In ev'ry *Hundred* and *Diviſion* read.
Criticks in *Claſſicks* oft *Interpolate*,
But ev'ry Word of Thine is ſure as Fate.
Poets of old had ſuch a wond'rous Power,
That with their *Verſes* they could raiſe a Tower;
But in thy *Proſe* a greater Force is found;
What *Poet* ever rais'd *Ten Thouſand Pound*?
Cadmus, by ſowing Dragons Teeth, we read,
Rais'd a vaſt Army from the Pois'nous Seed;
Thy Labours, *Lowndes*, can greater Wonders do,
Thou Raiſeſt Armies, and canſt Pay 'em too.
Truce with thy dreaded Pen; thy *Annals* ceaſe
Why need we Armies *when the Land's in* Peace?
Soldiers *are perfect* Devils *in their Way*,
When once they're Rais'd, *they're curſed hard to* Lay.

Having gone thro' Mr. *GAY*'s *Epiſtles*, we ſhall venture to affirm, that, they come nearer to the *Horatian* Standard, of that kind of Writing, and are more *ſimple* and *natural* in their Diction, than Thoſe of his, mighty, *French*-Imitator

Imitator, Monſieur *Boileau*. But, as our vain Neighbours give their *Rigault* the Preference to *Raphael* in *Painting*; we make not the leaſt Queſtion, but they will do the ſame in *Poetry*; and, top a *Racine*, a *Corneille*, or a *Moliere* upon us, for infinitely greater *Genij*, than a *Shakeſpeare*, a *Ben. Johnſon*, or a *Dryden*.

We ſhall farther affirm, that Mr. *GAY*'s *Tales*, which fall next under our Conſideration, are *equal* in their *Invention* to *any* of FONTAINE'S; nor are they told in a manner *inferior* to *any* which have adorned our native Tongue. He has given us *Five* in Number, *viz.*

I. *An Imitation of* CHAUCER'*s Style*. Being an *Anſwer* to the *Sompner*'s PROLOGUE. In this *Tale*, old *Geoffry* aſſerts merrily, that, *The* Devil's *Belly*, *is a Hive of* Fryar; thus ſummed up by Mr. *GAY*, viz.

Now plain it is ytellen in my *Verſe*,
If *Devils* in *Hell* bear *Freers* in their *Erſe*,
On *Earth* the *Devil* in *Freers* doth y-dwell,
Were there no *Freers*, the *Devil* mought keep
in *Hell*.

II. WORK *for a* COOPER. This is a *Tale* of one Father *Bernard*, a very merry fornicating old Fryar of *Blois* in *France*,

If

If he the wanton Wife *Confeſt*
With down-caſt Eye, and heaving Breaſt;
He ſtrok'd her *Cheek* to ſtill her *Fear*,
And talk'd of Sins *en Cavalier*.
Nor frown'd He if Folks *freely* ſpoke,
But ſhook his Sides and took the *Joke*;
Nor fail'd he to *promote* the *Jeſt*,
And *ſhar'd* the *Sins* which they *Confeſt*.

Yet that he might not always roam,
He kept *Conveniencies* at Home.
His Maid was in the Bloom of Beauty,
Well Limb'd for ev'ry Social-Duty;
He meddled with no Houſhold-Cares,
To her conſign'd his whole Affairs;
She of his Study kept the Keys,
For he was ſtudious—— of his Eaſe:
She had the Power of all his Locks,
Could rummage ev'ry Cheſt and Box,
Her Honeſty ſuch Credit gain'd,
Not ev'n the Cellar was reſtrain'd.

He calls *Naunette*, the Cellar-Door
She ſtrait unlocks, deſcends before,
He follow'd cloſe. But when he ſpies
His fav'rite Cask; with lifted Eyes
And lifted Hands aloud he cries,

Hey

Hey day! my darling Wine aſtoop!
It muſt, alas! have ſprung a Hoop;
That there's a Leak is paſt all doubt,
(Reply'd the Maid) I'll find it out.
She ſets the Candle down in haſte,
Tucks her white Apron round her Waiſt,
The Hogſhead's mouldy Side aſcends,
She ſtraddles wide, and downward bends;
So *low* ſhe ſtoops to find the Flaw,
Her Coats roſe *high*, her Maſter *ſaw*——
I *ſee*—he *cries*—(then claſp'd her faſt)
The Leak *thro' which my Wine has paſt.*

Then all in haſte the Maid deſcended,
And in a trice the *Leak* was mended.

E'er ſince this time all luſty Fryars
(Warm'd with predominant Deſires,
Whene'er the Fleſh with Spirit quarrels,)
Look on the Sex as leaky-Barrels.
Beware of theſe, ye jealous Spouſes,
From ſuch-like *Coopers* guard your Houſes;
For if they find not *Work* at *Home*,
For *Jobbs* thro' all the Town they roam.

III. *The* EQUIVOCATION. This *Tale*, is not only an *Eccleſiaſtical*, but a fine *Epiſcopal* turn upon MARRIAGE, which is *one* of the *ſeven*

SACRAMENTS of the *Church* of *Rome*. An honeſt Abbot had invited his *Biſhop* to Dinner,

Who readily accepts the Treat;
The Biſhop came, the Biſhop eat.

Among the reſt of their *Table-Talk*, came up a Lecture againſt *Hereticks*.

What Hereſy (the Prelate ſaid)
Is in that Church where Prieſts may Wed!

Vile Practices! the Abbot cry'd,
For pious Uſe we're ſet aſide;
Shall We take Wives? *Marriage* at beſt
Is but *Carnality* profeſs'd.

Now, as the Biſhop took his Glaſs,
He ſpy'd our Abbot's buxom Laſs,
Who croſs'd the Room, he mark'd her Eye
That glow'd with Love; his Pulſe beat high.
Fie, Father, fie, (the Prelate cries)
A Maid ſo young! for ſhame be wiſe.
Theſe Indiſcretions lend a Handle
To lewd *Lay*-Tongues to give *Us* Scandal;
For your Vow's ſake *this Rule I give t'ye*,
Let all your *Maids be turn'd of Fifty*.
The Prieſt reply'd, I have not ſwerv'd,
But your chaſte Precept well obſerv'd;

That

That Laſs full *Twenty five* has told,
I've yet another, who's as old;
Into *one* Sum their Ages caſt,
So *Both* my *Maids* have *Fifty* paſt.

The Prelate ſmil'd, but durſt not blame;
For why? his Lordſhip did the ſame.

Let thoſe who reprimand their Brothers,
Firſt mend the Faults they find in others.

I hope the Reader will obſerve that the Niceneſs of the *Equivocation* turns upon the Prelate's Words, ALL *your Maids*, &c. by which he meant *each* of them, but the Abbot laid hold of the Plural Number, in the *Application* of the Biſhop's Paſtoral *Advice*, and divided his *half* Century into BOTH *his Maids* for the Pleaſures of Copulation in his *own Practice*.

IV. *A true Story of an* APPARITION. This *Tale* is of a Traveller; who, after journeying through the Foreſt of *Arden*, came to,

——— an Ancient, lonely Houſe that ſtood
Upon the Borders of the ſpacious Wood;
Here Towers and antique Battlements ariſe,
And there in Heaps the moulder'd Ruin lies;
Some Lord this Manſion held in Days of Yore,
To chace the Wolf, and pierce the foaming Boar:

How chang'd, alas, from what it once had been!
'Tis now degraded to a publick Inn.

But here our wearied Gueſt could not have any Lodging, unleſs he would take up with lying in a *Haunted-Room*, tho' the beſt in the Houſe otherwiſe, to which, by the Maid's Advice, he conſented. She told him, the Story was only of *an old Fellow who was murdered, that walked in the dead of Night, and rattled his Chains, and that, if he would but take Courage and ſpeak to him, all would go well.* This being reſolved, away he goes to Bed, and the Maid tucks him up, and retires, leaving a Watch-Light in his Chamber.

At firſt he hears the Wind with hollow roar
Shake the looſe Lock, and ſwing the creaking Door;
Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful Sound
Of ratt'ling Chains that dragg'd upon the Ground;
When, lo, the Spectre came with horrid Stride,
Approach'd the Bed, and drew the Curtains wide!
In human Form the ghaſtful Fantom ſtood,
Expos'd his mangled Boſom dy'd with Blood;
Then ſilent pointing to his wounded Breaſt.
Thrice wav'd his Hand beneath his frighted Gueſt.

The

The Bed-Cords trembled, and with ſhudd'ring Fear,
Sweat chill'd his Limbs, high roſe his briſtled Hair;
Then mutt'ring haſty Prayers, he mann'd his Heart,
And cry'd aloud; *Say, whence and who Thou art.*
The ſtalking Ghoſt with hollow Voice replies,
Three Years are counted, ſince with mortal Eyes
I ſaw the Sun, and vital Air reſpir'd,
Like thee benighted, and with Travel tir'd.
Within theſe Walls I ſlept. O Thirſt of Gain!
See, ſtill the Planks the bloody Mark retain;
Stretch'd on this very Bed, from Sleep I ſtart,
And ſee the Steel impending o'er my Heat;
The barb'rous Hoſteſs held the lifted Knife,
The Floor ran Purple with my guſhing Life.
My Treaſure now they ſeize, the golden Spoil
They bury deep beneath the Graſs-grown Soil,
Far in the Common Field. Be bold, ariſe,
My Steps ſhall lead Thee to the ſecret Prize.
There dig and find; let that thy Care reward:
Call loud on Juſtice; bid her not retard
To puniſh Murder; lay my Ghoſt at reſt,
So ſhall with Peace ſecure thy Nights be bleſt;
And when beneath theſe Boards my Bones are found,
Decent inter them in ſome ſacred Ground.

Here

Here ceas'd the Ghoſt. The Stranger ſprings
from Bed,
And boldly follows where the Fantom led:
At length amidſt a ſpacious Field they came;
There ſtops the Spectre, and *aſcends in Flame.*
Amaz'd he ſtood, no Buſh, no Briar was found,
To teach his Morning Search to find the Ground;
What could he do? the Night was hideous dark,
Fear ſhook his Joints, and *Nature dropt the*
Mark:
With that he ſtarting wak'd, and rais'd his Head,
But found the *Golden-Mark* was *left* in *Bed.*

This is demonſtrably *a true Story of an* APPARITION. The Traveller dreamed over what the *Maid had told Him,* and in the Fright *ſh--t a-Bed.*

V. *The* MAD DOG. This *Tale* relates the Conduct of a very religious PRUDE, who freely thus owns her Frailty to her good Father Confeſſor.

Who could that tempting Man reſiſt?
My Virtue languiſh'd as he kiſs'd;
I ſtrove till I could ſtrive no longer,
How can the Weak ſubdue the Stronger?

Our

Our Dame receives the Benefit of Abſolution; and with it many wholeſome Preſcriptions for her future *Conduct*; but,

Whate'er ſhe did, next Week ſhe came,
And piouſly *Confeſt* the *ſame*;
The Prieſt who Female Frailties pity'd,
Firſt *chid* her, then her Sins *remitted*.

A Third *Confeſſion* comes about,
And now again it all muſt out;
She ſeems to wipe her twinkling Eyes,
What now, my Child, the *Father* cries.
Again, ſays ſhe —— with threat'ning Looks
He thus the proſtrate *Dame* rebukes.

Madam, I grant there's ſomething in it,
That *Virtue* has *th' unguarded Minute*;
But pray now tell me what are *Whores*,
But *Women* of *unguarded Hours*?
Then you muſt ſure have loſt all Shame;
What *ev'ry Day*, and ſtill the *ſame*;
And *no Fault elſe!* 'tis ſtrange to find
A *Woman* to *one Sin* confin'd!
But you, beyond all Thought, unchaſte,
Have all Sin *center'd* near your Waiſt!
Whence is this Appetite ſo ſtrong?
Say, Madam, did your Mother long?

Or is it Lux'ry and high Diet
That won't let Virtue ſleep in Quiet?

She tells *him* now with meekeſt Voice,
That ſhe had never err'd by Choice,
Nor was there known a Virgin chaſter,
Till ruin'd by a ſad Diſaſter.
That ſhe a fav'rite *Lap-Dog* had
Which (as ſhe ſtroak'd and kiſs'd) grew *mad*;
And in her Lip a Wound indenting,
Firſt ſet her youthful Blood fermenting.

The *Prieſt* reply'd, with zealous Fury,
You ſhould have ſought the Means to cure ye.
Doctors by various Ways, we find,
Treat theſe Diſtempers of the Mind;
Always to cure ſuch venom'd Bites,
And ſet the ſhatter'd Thoughts to rights;
They ſend you to the Ocean's Shore,
And plunge the Patient o'er and o'er.

The *Dame* reply'd, alas! in vain
My Kindred forc'd me to the Main;
What Virgin had not done as I did?
My modeſt Hand by Nature guided,
Debarr'd at once from human Eyes
The Seat where *Female-Honour* lies:

And tho' *thrice* dipt from Top to Toe,
I ſtill ſecur'd the *Poſt* below,
And guarded *it* with Graſp ſo faſt,
Not one Drop thro' my Fingers paſt;
Thus owe I to my baſhful Care,
That all the Rage is ſettled *there*.

Mr. *GAY*'s five *Tales*, are ſucceeded by five *Eclogues*. Beginning with *An Imitation of the* POLLIO *of* VIRGIL, *viz.*

I. The BIRTH *of the* SQUIRE. The Life and Acts of an old *Country Squire* are herein very juſtly delineated, and the Joy for the Birth of a young one, as truly deſcribed. The *Eclogue* concludes with a Prophetick Cataſtrophe of one of this Race, *viz.*

Methinks I ſee him in his Hall appear,
Where the long Table floats in clammy Beer,
'Midſt Mugs and Glaſſes ſhatter'd o'er the Floor,
Dead-Drunk his ſervile Crew ſupinely ſnore;
Triumphant, o'er the proſtrate Brutes he ſtands,
The mighty Bumper trembles in his Hands;
Boldly he drinks, and like his glorious Sires,
In copious Gulps of potent Ale expires.

II. *The* TOILETTE. *A Town* ECLOGUE. This is the Repreſentation of LYDIA, at her *Toilette*, unmoleſted; and only accompanied by her *Dog* and her *Monkey*, in the room of a

Fop and a *Beau*. Thus, in her *ſuperannuated* State, ſhe laments her paſt Follies,

Reclin'd upon her Arm, ſhe Penſive ſate,
And curs'd th'*Inconſtancy* of *Youth* too late. *

III. *The* TEA-TABLE. *A Town* ECLOGUE. Herein, by way of Dialogue, *Doris* and *Melanthe* diſplay all the malicious Scandal of the Female-Sex, by pulling *Sylvia* and *Laura* to pieces behind their Backs, and complimenting them the inſtant they appear.

IV. *The* FUNERAL. *A Town Eclogue.* This Scene of Grief *A-la-mode*, is drawn to the Life, in a Dialogue between *Sabina* and *Lucy*; the *firſt* is a moſt diſconſolate Widow of two Months ſtanding, and the *laſt* her Comforting Chamber-Maid.

V. *The* ESPOUSAL. *A Sober Eclogue.* Between two *of the People called* QUAKERS. In a *Dialogue* between *Caleb* and *Tabitha.*

We are now come to Mr. *GAY*'s ſmaller Compoſitions, under the Article of MISCELLANIES. Theſe conſiſt of *Love-Elegies*, *Songs* and *Ballads*; among which, *Sweet WILLIAM's Farewell to Black-Ey'd SUSAN*, is

* This *Eclogue*, together with The *Baſſet-Table*, and The *Drawing Room*, are printed (for E. CURLL in the *Strand*) under the Title of COURT POEMS. Price 1 *s.*

is universally known and admired. These *Miscellanies* are as entertaining, as his other Writings, and from whence we shall not extract any Passages, except one *Love Billet*, from our Author, *To a young* LADY, with a Present of some LAMPREYS, *viz.*

MADAM,

WITH Lovers 'twas of old the Fashion,
By Presents to convey their Passion;
No matter what the Gift they sent,
The Lady saw that Love was meant.
Fair *Atalanta*, as a Favour
Took the *Boar*'s Head her Hero gave her;
Nor could the bristly Thing affront her,
'Twas a fit Present from a Hunter.
When Squires send *Woodcocks* to the Dame,
It serves to shew their absent Flame:
Some by a Scrip of *woven-Hair*,
In posied *Lockets* bribe the Fair;
How many mercenary Matches,
Have sprung from *Diamond-Rings* and *Watches!*
But hold---- a *Ring*, a *Watch*, a *Locket*,
Would drain at once a Poet's Pocket;
He should send *Songs* that cost him nought,
Nor ev'n be prodigal of Thought.

Why then ſend *Lampreys*? Fie, for Shame!
'Twill ſet a Virgin's Blood on Flame.
This to *Fifteen* a proper Gift!
It might lend Sixty-Five a Lift.

I know your Maiden-Aunt will ſcold,
And think my Preſent ſomewhat bold,
I ſee her lift her Hands and Eyes.
'What eat it, Niece; eat *Spaniſh* Flies!
'*Lamprey*'s a moſt immodeſt Diet:
'You'll neithet Wake nor Sleep in quiet.
'Should I to Night eat Sago Cream,
'Twould make me Bluſh *to tell my Dream*;
'If I eat *Lobſter* 'tis ſo warming,
'That ev'ry Man I ſee looks charming;
'Wherefore had not the filthy Fellow,
'Laid *Rocheſter* upon your Pillow?
'I vow and ſwear I think the Preſent,
'Had been as Modeſt and as Decent.

'Who has her Virtue in her Pow'r?
'Each Day has its unguarded Hour;
'Always in danger of undoing,
'A *Prawn*, a *Shrimp* may prove our ruin!

'The Shepherdeſs who lives on *Sallad*,
'To cool her Youth, controuls her Palate;

'Should

'Should *Dian*'s Maids turn liqu'riſh Livers,
'And of huge *Lampreys* rob the Rivers,
'Then all beſide each Glade and Viſto,
'You'd ſee Nymphs lying like *Caliſto*.

'The *Man* who meant to heat your Blood
'Needs not *Himſelf* ſuch vicious Food.

In this, I own, your Aunt is clear,
I ſent you what I well might ſpare:
For when I ſee you, (without joking)
Your Eyes, Lips, Breaſts. are ſo provoking,
They ſet my Heart more *cock-a-hoop*,
Then could whole Seas of *Craw-fiſh-Soup*.

Yours, &c.

JOHN GAY.

Mr. *GAY*'s Works cloſes with *DIONE*. *A* PASTORAL TRAGEDY. This was never brought upon the Stage. The *Author* informs us in a *Prologue*, deſign'd for it, that,

He draws no *Heimskirk* Boors, or Home-bred Clowns,
But the ſoft Shepherds of *Arcadia*'s Downs.

There lies the Scene, and all that can be expected from a *Paſtoral Entertainment*, will be found in this *Piece*.

Mr.

Mr. *GAY*'s CHARACTER *of Himſelf.*

The little *Knowledge*, I have gain'd,
Was all from *ſimple Nature* drain'd;
From *Nature* too I take my Rule
To ſhun *Contempt* and *Ridicule*.
I never with *important Air*
In *Converſation* over-bear;
My *Tongue* within my *Lips* I rein;
For who talks *much* muſt talk in *vain*:
Pride often guides the Author's *Pen*,
Books as affected are as *Men*;
But he who ſtudies *Nature*'s Laws,
From certain *Truth* his *Maxims* draws;
And *Thoſe*, without our *Schools*, ſuffice
To make Men *moral*, *good* and *wiſe*. *

His Sentiments of a DEITY.

Whether amid the Gloom of *Night* I ſtray,
Or my glad Eyes enjoy revolving *Day*,
Still *Nature*'s various Face informs my Senſe
Of an all-wiſe, all-pow'rful *Providence*.
O! may ſome nobler Thought my Soul employ,
Than empty, tranſient, ſublunary Joy!
The Stars ſhall drop, the Sun ſhall loſe his Flame,
But thou, O GOD, for ever ſhine the ſame. †

Of

* See The *Introduction* to his FABLES.
† See A CONTEMPLATION on NIGHT.

Of ETERNITY, &c. *

O endleſs Thought! divine Eternity!
Th'immortal Soul ſhares but a Part of Thee;
For Thou wert preſent when our Life began,
When the warm Duſt ſhot up in breathing Man.

His own EPITAPH.

Life is a Jeſt; and all Things ſhow it,
I thought ſo once; but now I know it.

ÆTAT. XLIV.

We have faithfully gone thro' Mr. *GAY*'s *Collection of his own Works*; beſides which,

I. He has Tranſlated ſome Parts in the Verſion of OVID's *Metamorphoſes*, publiſhed by Sir *Samuel Garth*.

II. *Fifty* FABLES. Invented for the Amuſement of his HIGHNESS the DUKE of *Cumberland*.

III. *The* BEGGAR'S-OPERA.

IV. *POLLY*: A *Sequel* to the *Beggar's-Opera*. Prohibited the Stage.

The Publick was deprived of this moſt ingenious Gentleman, by an inflamatory Fever, on the 4th Day of *Dec.* 1732, at his Grace the Duke of *Queensberry*'s Houſe in *Burlington-Gardens*, near *Piccadilly*.

His

* See A THOUGHT on ETERNITY.

His Perſonal Character was perfectly amiable; he was one of the moſt natural, inoffenſive and diſintereſted of Men; and his Life chiefly paſſed in the Friendſhip and Society of Perſons of the firſt Rank.

He has left a moderate Fortune, between his two Siſters; no Part of it owing to any Preferment; but wholly to his own Labour and Prudence, during his Stewardſhip under her Grace the late Dutcheſs of *Monmouth*.

His Body was brought, by the Company of Upholders, from the Duke of *Queensberry*'s to *Exeter 'Change* in the *Strand*, and on the 23d of *Dec.* after lying in, very decent, State, was at Eight of the Clock in the Evening, drawn in a Herſe, trimmed with Plumes of Black and White Feathers, attended with three mourning Coaches and ſix Horſes, to *Weſtminſter-Abbey*.

His Pall was ſupported by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of *Cheſterfield*; the Lord Viſcount *Cornbury*; the Hon. Mr. *Berkeley*; General *Dormer*; Mr. *Gore*; and Mr. *Pope*.

The laſt Offices were performed by the Rt. Rev. Dr. *Wilcox*, Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, the Choir attending; and his Remains were depoſited in the South-Croſs-Iſle, over-againſt *Chaucer*'s TOMB.

Jan. 2. 1733, Letters of *Adminiſtration* were granted to Mr. *GAY*'s two Siſters, He dying Inteſtate, who have given Bond for 1000 *l.* to produce an Inventory of his Eſtate, when required.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

GAT's LIFE.

His Personal Character was perfectly amiable; he was one of the most natural, inoffensive and disinterested of Men; and his Life chiefly passed in the Friendship and Society of Persons of the first Rank.

He has left a moderate Fortune, between his two Sisters; no Part of it owing to any Preferment; but wholly to his own Labour and Prudence, during his Stewardship under her Grace the late Dutchess of *Monmouth*.

His Body was brought, by the Company of Upholders, from the Duke of *Queensberry*'s to *Exeter Change* in the *Strand*, and on the 23d of *Dec.* after lying in very decent State, was at Eight of the Clock in the Evening, drawn in a Herse, trimmed with Plumes of Black and White Feathers, attended with three mourning Coaches and six Horses, to *Westminster-Abbey*.

His Pall was supported by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of *Chesterfield*; the Lord Viscount *Cornbury*; the Hon. Mr. *Berkeley*; General *Dormer*; Mr. *Gore*; and Mr. *Pope*.

The last Offices were performed by the Rt. Rev. Dr. *Wilcox*, Bishop of *Rochester*, the Choir attending; and his Remains were deposited in the South-Cross-Isle, over-against *Chaucer*'s Tomb.

Jan. 2. 1733. Letters of *Administration* were granted to Mr. *GAT*'s two Sisters, he dying Intestate, who have given Bond for 1000 *l.* to produce an Inventory of his Estate, when required.

FINIS.